More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
'Ile to my rest.

Juli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond Gentleman?

Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*

Jul. What's he that now is going out of the doore?

Nurs. Marry that I thinke be young *Petruchco.*

Jul. What's he that followes here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Goe aske his name, if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemy.

Jul. My onely love sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene unknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurs. What's tis? what's tis?

Jul. A Ryme I learnt even now
Of one I danc't withall.

One calls within Juliet.

Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heire.
That faire for which love groned and would dye,
With tender *Juliet* matcht is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd and loves againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale loves sweet bait from fearefull hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have accesse
To breath such vowes as lovers use to sweare:
And she as much in love, her meanes much lesse,
To meet her new beloved any where.

But

But passion lends them power, time meanes to meet,
Tempring extremities with extreme sweet.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth, and finde thy Center out.

Enter Benvolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cousin *Romeo, Romeo.*

Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath stollen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall:
Call good *Mercutio.*

Mer. Nay I'le conjure too.
Romeo, humours, madam, passion, lover,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one ryme and I am satisfi'd;
Cry but ay me, pronounce but love and dye,
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname to her purblind sonne and heire
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the Begger-maid.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him:
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her skarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight legge, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanes that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to us.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had layd it, and conjur'd it downe,
That were some spight.
My invocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistresse name,
I conjure onely but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the darke.

Mer.